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# RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG!

## Dedicated to the Holy Alliance

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"The devil will not have me damn'd, lest the *oil* that is in me should set hell on fire."
SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE,
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1821.

*Eighteenpence.*

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate-Hill, London.

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# Dedication.

TO

THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

MEMBERS OF

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESSES,

WHEN a gang of desperate ruffians disguise themselves, and take the road armed, it is a sure sign of robbery and murder; and it becomes the duty of an honest man to raise a *hue and cry*, and describe the villains.

With that view, I dedicate to you this little book; in the hope, that some who understand the *dead* language of Despotism, may be induced to translate it into the *living* tongues of the good people of the Continent.

I pray God to take your ROYALTY into his immediate keeping.

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

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O! DULNESS, if thy sons can learn one thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which *thy* Priests, and *thine* alone, maintain,
Which, as IT dies, or lives, THEY fall, or reign:
May ye, O Cam and Isis, preach it long,
'THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG!'

POPE.

It was a maxim of the constitution of this country that the King could do no wrong. He had high authority for stating that *the King could not commit Folly, much less Crime.*

*Report of a* BISHOP'S *Speech.*

If a King can do no wrong, why was King James II. banished? and if a King *can* do wrong, why the plague are we constantly affirming that he cannot? Either way we should stand self-condemned, and if we are not set down as a nation of scoundrels, we must think ourselves pretty easy under the appellation of fools.

SWIFT.

——————— We love
The King, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. KING though he be,
And King in England too, he may be weak.
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is TREASON.

COWPER.

## NOTE.

*The Drawings are by* Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

# Preface.

" Perish those poets, and be hush'd the song,
Which with this *nonsense* charm'd the world so long,
That he who does no right, can do no wrong."

DE FOE.

To condemn *nonsense*, especially in high places, is proper: there are ancient precedents for it.

A thousand years before Christ, Nathan, a priest in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, knew that David the Lord's anointed, had not only worked *folly* in Israel, by committing adultery with a beautiful woman, but had committed *crime*, by causing her husband to be put to death. The honest priest charged both the folly and the crime upon the king! He went up to his majesty with this Address: " *Thou art the man!*" He prosecuted him at the bar of his own conscience, convicted him, and passed sentence upon him—"*The sword shall not depart from thine house!*"

Three thousand years after this, a priest, sent into an English House of Lords by the nomination of the king, affirms there, that " he had 'high authority' for stating, that the king could not commit *folly*, much less *crime!*"

What a scene! A priest of the Church of England, who promised, before he received the Holy Ghost,* to lay aside the study of the world and the flesh, who received the Holy Ghost upon that condition, who had a Bible put into his hands to preach *truth* from, and who—with the Holy Ghost in him, took the sacrament as the most solemn of all oaths, to perform what he had promised—this Priest, who again received the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a *Bishop*, and again took the oath of the sacrament—this Bishop, regardless of his sacramental oath, puzzles himself behind the Treasury bench with the *quillets* of the English law, and forgets Nathan!—this Right Reverend Father in God, by divine permission, studies the 'Pleas of the Crown,' talks of 'high authority,' and forgets the authority of his Bible!—bends, like his *folding-crook*, in the presence of the king of England, and forgets Him whose kingdom is not of this world!—stands, as stiff as his staff, at *London*—blinks Jerusalem, —squints towards archiepiscopal Canterbury—and inculcates Passive obedience and Non-resistance!

The Doctrine of *Divine Right*, or '*the King can do no wrong*,' is the evil genius of Liberty, the vital spark of Legitimate right, the very soul of Despotism. It demands the prostitution of moral principle,

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* Priests of the Church of England 'receive the Holy Ghost' at the command of the bishop on their ordination. They receive it again when made Bishops.

*See the Form of Ordination.*

sophisticates scripture, and converts the peace and good will of Christianity into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. What it can do, may be known by what it has done. Take a hero—a ruffian who has ravaged and desolated every fair region he could penetrate—a brutal ferocious wretch, of gigantic form, and cruel feature, ignorant of every thing but crime; his sword serrated by hacking the bones of the brave defenders of their country, with halters for the necks of the peaceful at his girdle: toss him an iron sceptre surmounted by the emblems of death and folly; give him the world to crush beneath his feet; and tell me in what age Priestcraft, standing upon the divine right of tithes, would refuse to throw the ermine of royalty over the monster's shoulders, anoint him as from the Lord, and *light him up* to the world as an image of the Divinity!

According to the law of England, the king *can* do no wrong. Mr. Justice Blackstone says, that "*the Prerogative of the Crown extends not to do any injury; it is created for the benefit of the people;* and, therefore, *cannot* be exerted to their prejudice."*

Now, if the prerogative of the crown was created for the *benefit* of the people, is it not plain, that, should it cease to be exerted for their benefit, it would be useless; and that, should it be extended to do them injury, it would be *oppression.* Will the Bishop say, that oppression is no wrong, or that if oppression should come from the royal prerogative, oppression is

* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 245.

right? If he does say this, I ask him, how long, after oppression should be exercised through the prerogative by virtually irresponsible ministers and be declared no wrong, he supposes that a king of England could sit on the throne, or the bishops who maintain the doctrine, sit either at its right hand in the Lords, or any where else? I tell this bishop, that though the law may not suppose it possible for a king of England to do wrong, because it intends him to do right, yet if he *should* do, and *continue* to do, oppressive wrong, not all the bishops of England, nor all the bayonets of all the mercenaries of Europe, could keep that king upon the throne of an oppressed people against their united will.

A king of England is not king in his own right, or by hereditary right. The nation is not a patrimony. He is not king by his own power; but in right of, and by the power of the law. He is not king above the law; but by, or under, the law. All the authority that he has, is given to him by law; and he can only rule *according* to law: for were he to rule *against* the law, he would be *king* against the law, and depose himself. The law is the Sovereign, or paramount authority; hence, a king of England is a subject; and in this respect, he and all the people are upon a level before the law—they are all his fellow-subjects; though, as chief magistrate, he is the *first* subject of the law.

A king of England who regards the happiness of the people, and his own safety, would not wish to be

stronger than the law founded on the public will, makes him. More strength would be unnecessary to *his* welfare, and hurtful to theirs. All power *over others*, from the watch-box to the throne, tends to injure the understanding, and corrupt the heart. A good King would not desire unlimited power; a bad one would abuse it. He would become mad; and drive the people mad. A despot is a demon. Artillery and fetters with the royal robe flung over them—a cannon ball capped with the royal crown—animated by the royal will—crushing, burning, and butchering liberty, property, and human life—personify the power of an unlimited King.

The ensuing satire shows the folly and danger of such power. It is a partial revival of the *Jure Divino*, written by DANIEL DE FOE in 1706. After the lapse of a century, nearly the same reason exists for the publication as the author adduced on its first appearance. It had never appeared, he says, "had not the world seemed to be going mad a second time with the error of passive obedience and non-resistance." It is not precisely so now: the *people* have not gone mad, but a *bishop* has, who may bite his brethren; and there is a slavish party of High Church zealots and pulpit casuists in the country who virtually support the doctrine—although if they attempt reducing it to practice, they may dig a pit beneath the throne, and engulph the dynasty. To expose this destructive doctrine, and disentangle the threads so artfully twisted into snares for the unwary

by priestcraft, De Foe composed his Satire. He was the ablest politician of his day, an energetic writer, and, better than all, an honest man; but not much of a poet. The *Jure Divino* is defective in arrangement and versification. It is likewise disfigured by injudicious repetition; a large portion is devoted to the politics of the time, and it is otherwise unfit for republication entire; but it abounds with energetic thoughts, forcible touches, and happy illustrations. The present is an attempt to separate the gold from the dross. The selection is carefully made; from the parts rejected the best passages are preserved, the rhyme and metre are somewhat bettered, the extracts are improved and transposed, and many additions of my own are introduced. The production scornfully rejects the slavish folly, senseless jargon, and venal hypocrisy, which pretend that power is from God and not from the People. It defies those who draw upon scripture in support of *Divine Right* to show that scripture lays down any rules of *political* government, or enjoins any *political* duties; or that it does not leave the people to determine by their own reason what government and what governors are best for themselves. It is a forcible and argumentative satire against the *nonsense* from hole-and-corner and lawn-sleeve men; and presents a series of peculiarly strong and quotable lines, to engraft on the common sense of the free-minded, honest, and open-hearted of my countrymen. If it aids them in the occasional illustration and emphatic expression

of their opinions, the pains I have taken will be rewarded.

There is another reason for publishing this satire, besides the revival of Priestcraft. Its twinbrother is alive. Kingcraft rears up its terrific mass, muffled in the mantle of Legitimacy; its head cowled and crowned, and dripping with the holy oil of Divine Right; its eyes glaring deadly hate to human happiness; its lips demanding worship for itself. Denouncing dreadful curses against the free, and yelling forth threatenings and slaughter, it stamps with its hoof, and coils together its frightful force to fall on young Liberty and squelch it. Its red right-arm is bared for the butchery of the brave who love Freedom and dare contend for it. It has prepared its chains and dug its dungeons, erected its scaffolds, and sharpened its axes for the wise and excellent of the earth; and its bloody banners are unfurled in insolent anticipation of unholy triumph!—

> ——— Still monarchs dream
> Of universal empire growing up
> From universal ruin! Blast the design,
> Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall,
> Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

So prayed the Bishop of London, (Porteus—not Howley) and so fervently prays,

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

# THE SPIRIT
# OF DESPOTISM.

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The above Rare and Extraordinary Book was privately printed in 1795, without the name of either printer or bookseller, and so effectually suppressed, that there are only two copies of it besides my own in existence.

Its real value consists in exhibiting an entire and luminous view of the causes and consequences of Despotic Power. Its enthusiastic and glowing love of Liberty is unexcelled by any work written since; and for clearness, richness, and beauty of style, it is superior to every production of the Press within the same period. All that the author touches, he turns into gold. I regret to say that most probably I shall never be at liberty to disclose his name.

Naturally desirous that such a work should be perused by all England, I have reprinted it, verbatim, from my own copy; and, although containing as much in quantity as a volume of Gibbon's History of Rome, it is sold for *Eighteen-pence.*

WILLIAM HONE.

*** The *French*, instantly perceiving the transcendent merit of the SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM, and its high importance at this crisis, have *translated* it into their language, and it is now read throughout France with the greatest avidity. I intreat some good *Neapolitan* to be the benefactor of his Countrymen in like manner. It should be in the hands of the free, and those who desire to be free, in all nations:—*Austria*, for instance.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK I.

Thus Kings were first invented, and thus Kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs that have but croak'd and died!

COWPER.

*Original Power—The ancient Gods—Tyrant-kings—The Apotheosis of James II. in the Chapel Royal—Charles II.—Paternal Government—God prescribed no Rules of Government—Origin of Kings—Saul.*

ARISE, O Satire!—tune thy useful song,
Silence grows criminal, when crimes grow strong;
Of meaner vice, and villains, sing no more,
But Monsters crown'd, and Crime enrobed with Power!
At vice's high IMPERIAL throne begin,
Relate the *ancient* prodigies of sin;
With pregnant phrase, and strong impartial verse,
The crimes of men, and crimes of Kings rehearse!
What though thy labour shall to *us* be vain,
And the World's bondage must *its time* remain;

Let willing slaves in golden fetters lie,
There's none can save the men who *will* to die.
Yet some there are that would not tamely bow,
Who fain would break their chains, if they knew how;
And these, from thy inspired lines, may see,
How they choose bondage when they may go free.
  He that can levy War with all mankind,
Retard the day-spring of the human mind;
Buy Justice, sell Oppression, bribe the Law,
Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe;
With pious Peter,* cant of heaven's commands,
Pray with his lips, and murder with his hands;
Insult the wretched, trample on the poor,
And mock the miseries mankind endure;
Can ravage countries, property devour,
And trample Law beneath the *feet of Power;*
Scorn the restraint of oaths and promised Right,†
And ravel compacts in the people's sight;

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* Peter the Cruel, King of Castile. He married the daughter of a Duke of Bourbon, whom he divorced, in order to renew his connexion with a former mistress. His excesses occasioned the people to dethrone him. He affected piety, and to govern by divine right!

† *Despots seldom keep engagements.*—The People of Prussia have a '*promised right*' from their king of some years standing. After the Battle of Waterloo, he promised them a *Constitution*—but became a member of the *Holy Alliance.* In 1814, this king, with another of the fraternity, the Emperor of Russia, was entertained at an expense of 20,038*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* in Guildhall London, by the Corporation in Common Conncil assembled, who also presented addresses of congratulation to the worthies, on their having contributed, by encaging Napoleon, to restore what the addresses called, "*the* LEGITIMATE *dynasties.*" The result

*That* thing's *a* TYRANT !—and that *People* FOOLS,
*Who basely bend to be that Tyrant's tools!*
Examine then the early course of things,
And search the ancient roll of Tyrant Kings,
When the first man usurp'd upon his kind,
Assumed exotick right, assuming reigned;
Supreme in wickedness, more wicked grew;
First *forced* a homage, then decreed it *due.*
Trace the first Tyrants to their fancied thrones,
Placed in that heaven that all their crimes disowns:—
If in the Royal lists some monsters reign'd,
Abhorr'd by heaven, and hated by mankind,
By lust and blood exalted to a throne,
For all the exquisites of Tyrant known,
The meaner name of monarch they despise,
Alive, usurp the throne, and dead, the skies;
Above the clouds th' incarnate devil stands,
And nations worship with polluted hands!
Old Saturn, Bacchus, and high-thundering Jove,
And all the rabble of the Gods above,
Whose names for their immortal crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-princes first appear'd;

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is, that the *legitimate* Emperor of Russia backs the crusade on *the People* of Naples; and the *legitimate* king of Prussia is as little inclined to let the Prussians have a Constitution, as the Corporation of London find it convenient to return the 14,000*l.* of the Bridge-House money which they borrowed towards paying for the feast. The '*company they kept*,' and the money they owe in consequence, must be a satisfactory, because the *only* apology from the metropolis of the most free country in Europe, to the Neapolitans, for not assisting them in defending their national Independence, and their new-born Liberty, against the combined attack of "*the* LEGITIMATE *dynasties.*"

By rapes and blood the path to greatness stain'd,
By rapes and blood the glittering station gain'd;
Succeeding knaves succeeding Gods became,
And sin aspired to an immortal name!
The mighty wretches dwell among the stars,
And vice in virtue's glorious robes appears;
And Poets celebrate their praises there,
As Indians worship Devils that they fear!
Yet let us look around the world awhile,
And find a Patron-God for Albion's Isle;
Has she so many Tyrants borne in vain?
Has she no Star in the celestial train?
Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
In who's the fittest monster for the skies!—
Satire, reflect with care, due caution give,
Some ——— are dead, beware of those that live.
If thou too near the present age begin,
Truth will be crime, and courage will be sin!
Look back two ages, see where shines on high
Great James, the modern Bacchus of the sky;
But give him time before his ghost appear,
Lest his uneasy fame bewray his fear:
Alive, the patron of the tim'rous race,
Fear in his head, and frenzy in his face;
His constellation, were it felt beneath,
Would make men strive to die—for fear of death!
His exaltation with his crimes begin,
See how we worship in his *House of Sin*,
Aloft—we view the Bacchanalian King;
Below—the sacred anthems daily sing;
His vast excess the pencil's art displays,
And triumphs in the clouds above our praise:

What can, with equal force, devotion move,
*We* pray below, and *He's* debauch'd above!*
Look lower down the galaxy and see,
In yon crown'd Goat another Deity;
His orgied reel and lecherous leer outvie
The old Priapian glory of the sky;
His furious lusts the other Gods deface
And spread his viler image through the place;
On obscene altars blaze unholy fires
To him, the God of all unchaste desires!†

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* The Banquetting House at Whitehall is now the Chapel Royal, where sermons are preached and Divine service is sung by the choir of the king's household. On the floor, are the pews for the congregation, the pulpits of the clergy, the altar with the sacramental vessels, and the other arrangements for sacred worship. On the ceiling, the apotheosis of King James the First, painted by Rubens, represents the king in different situations crowned with the triumphs of drunkenness.

James the First held the highest notions concerning Divine Right. He had a mighty desire to be a great tyrant, but was merely a great driveller. He said on a certain occasion that "*there is an implicit tie among* KINGS, *which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to, and* RIGHT ONE ANOTHER, *upon an insurrection of subjects.*"—HOWELL'S *Letters*, B. 1. §. 2. Letter iii.

This obligation among kings *to right one another*, flows from their 'Right Divine to govern wrong!' The *implicit tie* to suffocate liberty, wherever it appears, is co-eval with tyranny—but it was never *openly* avowed until the present concert of kings. The Holy-Alliance is—*Despotism shewing itself.*

† It was for *this* king, Charles II., that the phrase, "*our* RELIGIOUS *king*," was invented by the *Bishops*.

If *such* Vicegerents are by Heaven appointed,
The Devil himself may be the Lord's anointed!

*De Foe.*

We turn disgusted from the contemplation
Nor seek more royal samples of our nation;
But leave Posterity to find the place
Of other heroes, of another race.

Europe, thy thrones have many a name in store,
As bright in guilt as any crown'd before;
Who, turn'd to Gods, shall shine in Poets' rhymes,
And faithful Hist'ry shall record their crimes.

The first *Paternal* ruler of mankind
That e'er by primogenial title reign'd,
In dignity of government was high
But all his kingdom was his family.
His subjects—were his household and his wife;
His power—to regulate their way of life;
His sway—extended not beyond his gate;
That was the limit—of his regal state;
And every son might from his rule divide,
Be King himself, and by himself preside;
And when he died, the government went on
In natural succession to his son.

Next Families of mutual love and unity
Together join'd for friendship and *community;*
Form'd Laws, and *then* the natural order was
To trust some man to execute the Laws.
Hence him they best could trust, they trusted—chose;
And thus a *Nation* and a chief arose,
Both constituted by a mutual trust;
The people honest and the ruler just.*

'Tis plain, when man came from his Maker's hand,
He left him free, and at his own command;

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* No hereditary king ever reigned in the world, but to govern by laws and constitutions which were established *before* he came to be king.—Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 13.

Gave him the light of nature to direct,
And reason,* nature's errors to inspect;
No rules of Government were e'er set down,
Nature was furnish'd to direct her own;
The high unerring light of Providence,
Left that to latent cause and consequence.
Society to regulation tends,
As naturally as means pursue their ends;
The wit of man could never yet invent,
A way of life without a government;
And government has always been begun,
In those who, to be govern'd, *gave* the crown.
He that would other schemes of rule contrive
And search for powers the people could not give,
Must seek a spring which can those powers convey,
And seek a People too that will obey.
At length *paternal* rule was less complete,
And as mankind increas'd became unfit;
The petty Lords grow quarrelsome and proud,
And plunge their little governments in blood.

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* Reason is the image of God stamped upon man at his birth, the understanding breathed into him with the breath of life, and in the participation of which alone he is raised above the brute creation, and his own physical nature!—Reason is the queen of the moral world, the soul of the universe, the lamp of human life, the pillar of society, the foundation of law, the beacon of nations, the golden chain let down from heaven, which links all animated and all intelligent natures in one common system—and, in the vain strife between fanatic innovation and fanatic prejudice, we are exhorted to dethrone this queen of the world, to blot out this light of the mind, to deface this fair column, to break in pieces this golden chain!—*Hazlitt's Political Essays*, p. 57.

The factious rivals on pretence of *right*,
Urge on the people to contend and fight;
Invaded weakness to brute force submits,
Oppression rages, honesty retreats,
Justice gives way to power, and power prevails,
And universal slavery entails.
Thus broils arose, and thus the ends of life
Are miss'd in Wars and undecided strife!

Scotland, till late, exemplified the plan,
In many a feud, in many a Highland clan.
The Chief with whoop and whistling trumpet shrill,
Summons his slaves from ev'ry neighb'ring hill;
Tells them, his foeman's bull has stol'n his cow,
And dire revenge th' obedient vassals vow;
With mighty targe, and basket-hilted knife,
Battle and blood decide the petty strife;
The namelings fight, because the lord commands,
And wild confusion rules th' ungovern'd lands!

The *hunter-tribes*, at first, wild beasts pursued,
And then to chase mankind they left the wood;
Became Banditti, Captains, Chieftains, Kings,
And Tyrants, by the natural course of things!

As he that ravaged most could rule the best,
So he grown King that first subdued the rest,
By fraud and force his *guilty power* maintains,
Wheedles mankind to please themselves with chains,
With selfish Kingcraft calls it RIGHT DIVINE,*
And subtle Priestcraft sanctifies his *line*.

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* PRIESTCRAFT *n. s.* [*priest* and *craft*.] Religious frauds; management of wicked priests to gain power.—*Johnson*.

KINGCRAFT *n. s.* [*king* and *craft*.] *Royal* frauds; management of wicked *kings* to gain power.

The

"Kings are as Gods."—Indeed!—why then they must
Like God be *sacred*,—but like God be *just*.
If in a King a vicious lust prevails,
The people see it, and the Godship fails. *

---

The greatest curses any age have known
Have issued from the temple, or the throne;
Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
But priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.
The tortured subject might be heard complain,
When sinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious, might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,
But the priest christens all a *Right Divine!*

*Hor. Walpole's Epistle from Florence.*

* The time has been when rulers have actually claimed the title of *God's vicegerents*, and have been literally worshipped as gods by the servile crew of courtiers;—men gradually bowed down by despotism from the erect port of native dignity, and driven, by fear, to crouch under the most degrading of all superstition, the political idolatry of a base fellow-creature.—After all the language of court adulation, the praises of poets and orators, the statues and monuments erected to their fame, the malignant consequences of their actions prove them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happiness of the human race. What were their means of conducting their governments, of exercising this office of Heaven's vicegerents? Crafty, dishonest arts, oppression, extortion, and, above all, *fire* and *sword*. They dared to ape the thunder and lightning of Heaven, and, assisted by the machinations of the grand adversary of man, rendered their imitative contrivances for destruction more terrible and deadly than the original. Their imperial robe derived its deep crimson colour from human blood; and the gold and diamonds of their diadems were accumulated treasures wrung from the famished bowels of the poor, born only

Talks he of 'sacred' *then*,—the man's a fool;
His high pretence a joke and ridicule;
Abandon'd to his crimes he soon will find
Himself abandon'd too, by all mankind;
With th' Assyrian Monarch turn'd to grass,
As much a Tyrant, and as much an ass!

---

to toil for others, to be robbed, to be wounded, to be trodden under foot, and forgotten in an early grave. How few, in comparison, have reached the age of three score and ten, and yet, in the midst of youth and health, their days have been full of labour and sorrow. Heaven's vicegerents seldom bestowed a thought upon them, except when it was necessary either to inveigle or to force them to take the sword and march to slaughter. Where God caused the sun to shine gaily, and scattered plenty over the land, his vicegerents diffused famine and solitude. The valley, which laughed with corn, they watered with the tear of artificial hunger and distress; the plain that was bright with verdure, and gay with flowerets, they dyed red with gore. They operated on the world as the blast of an east wind, as a pestilence, as a deluge, as a conflagration.—It is an incontrovertible axiom, that all who are born into the world, have a right to be as happy in it as the unavoidable evils of nature, and their own disordered passions will allow. The grand object of all good government, of all government that is not an usurpation, must be to promote this happiness, to assist every individual in its attainment and security. A government chiefly anxious about the emoluments of office, chiefly employed in augmenting its own power, and aggrandizing its obsequious instruments, while it neglects the comfort and safety of individuals in middle or low life, is despotic and a nuisance. It is founded on folly as well as wickedness, and, like the freaks of insanity, deals mischief and misery around, without being able to ascertain or limit its extent and duration. If it should not be punished as criminal, let it be coerced as dangerous.

*Spirit of Despotism*, p. 90.

Externals take from *Majesty*, the rest
Is but—a thing at which we laugh—*a jest!*
Let us to Scripture History appeal,
And see what truths its ancient rolls reveal :—
That great authority which Tyrants boast,
As most confirming, will confound them most!
When Israel with unheard of murmurs first,
Pray'd to indulgent Heaven they might be curst,
Rejected God, scorn'd his Almighty rule,
And made themselves their children's ridicule,
A standing banter, future ages' jest,
As damn'd to slavery at their own request—
With what just arguments did Samuel plead,
Give them the Tyrant's character to read;
Explain the lust of an ungovern'd man,
Show them the danger, preach to them in vain ;
Tell them the wretched things they'd quickly find,
Within the pleasing name of King combined ;
Deign with their 'wilder'd crowds t' expostulate,
And open all the dangers of their fate!—
Yet they sought ruin with unwearied pains,
And begg'd for fetters, slavery, and *chains!*
But, it's replied, heaven heard its suppliant's prayer,
*Itself* chose out the King, and plac'd him there ;
*Disown'd the People's right*, and fix'd their choice
In providence, and not the people's voice ;
From whence the claim of *right* by regal line,
Made *Israel's* Kings be Kings by *Right Divine.*
Yes, Saul *was* King by God's immediate hand—
But *'twas in judgment to afflict the land!*
In granting He corrected the request,
A king He gave them, but *withheld the rest*;

Gave all that they pretended to require,
But in the gift he punish'd the desire;
He gave a *plague*, the very selfsame thing
They *ask'd*, when they petition'd for a King!
For 'tis remarkable when Samuel saw,
They'd have a King in spite of sense or law,
He told the *consequences* to the land,
And all the mischiefs that the *Word* contain'd;
Told them, that Kings were instruments design'd,
Not to improve, but to correct mankind!
Told them the Tyrant would insult their peace,
And plunder them of all their happiness!
Told them, that Kings were but exalted thieves,
Would rob men first, and then would make them slaves!
Then drew the picture of a monster crown'd,
Ask'd them, if such a villain could be found,*
Whether they'd like him, and their tribute bring?
They answer, YES:—let *such* a man be King!
And is a Tyrant King your early choice?
"*Be* KINGS *your plague!*" said the Eternal's voice;

---

* It is remarkable, that a king scarcely ever exercised tyrannical power over the people, but it was mingled with ungoverned vice in himself. Men of virtue and moderation seldom, if ever, turn tyrants. Despotic rule gives the reins to lust, and makes the errors of government, and the crimes of life, mix together. It is the high road to cruelty and brutalizing selfishness.—A king of France took out his watch when he guessed that the axe was cutting off the head of his favorite, and said, 'My *dear friend* must make a sad figure just now!'—A hill in Richmond Park is still shewn as remarkable for having been the station from whence Henry VIII. eagerly looked out for the ascent of a rocket at London, announcing to the impatient tyrant the precise moment when one of his wives was suffering death on the scaffold!

And with this mighty curse he gave the crown,
And Saul, to Israel's terror, mounts the throne!
Now, Muse, the parallel with caution bring,
On what *condition* was this man their King?
Tho' *Heaven* declar'd him, heaven itself set down
The sacred *Postulata* of the crown;
Samuel examin'd first the high record,
Then dedicates the substance to the Lord.
This is the *coronation-oath*, the bond,
The steps on which the throne and kingdom stand;
For which, by future Kings unjustly broke,
*God*, and the *People*, mighty vengeance took!*

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* *Samuel told the people the* MANNER *of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book and laid it up before the Lord.* (1 Samuel, x. 25.) It is plain, the word *manner* signifies the *constitution* of the government, or the *conditions* on which Saul was to be king, namely, according to justice and law; and this is meant in frequent expressions, by *going in and out before them*, referring to *justice being executed in the gates*, and peace and war; the king was to lead them in one, and direct in the other. This *manner* of the kingdom was *told to all the people*, and that implied, that *the consent of the people* was requisite to make him king, without which, though Samuel had anointed him, he was not owned by the Israelites, but went about his private affairs till after the victory over the Ammonites. *Then* the *manner* of the kingdom was written in a book—a token of its being a *compact* between Saul and the people; and Samuel's laying it up before the Lord, is equivalent to an oath recorded on both sides; for it was there as *a witness between the king and the people*, and served both as their oath of allegiance, and his oath of government.—All this being done, what followed? *All the people went to Gilgal, and there* THEY (mark the word) *made Saul king.*—(1 SAMUEL, i. 15.)

Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
How sacred ends, concurring means must bring;
Not Samuel's ointment, not the mighty lot,
Could make him King, nor force his title out.
The people like not his mechanic race,
They see no greatness in his youthful face:—
"Is this the monarch shall our foes destroy,
Does heaven design to rule us by a *boy?*"
The flouting Rabbies cry! "We scorn to own,
A man that has no merit for a crown.
*Our* King must lead the glorious tribes to fight,
And chase the thousands of the Ammonite;
His pers'nal valour must our triumphs bring,
'Tis such a man we want, and such a King."
Away they go, *reject* his government,
Not Heav'n's high choice could force their *due consent!*
Samuel submits, adjourns the strong debate,
*Suspends the King* he offered to create;
Owns *their dislike's a high material thing,*
That *their* CONSENT *alone could make him King!*
Why did not God displeasure then express,
Resent the slight, and punish their excess;
Extort obedience by express command,
And crown his choice by his immediate hand;
Destroy the Rebels with his blasting breath,
And punish early treason with their death;
With mighty thunders *his* new King proclaim,
And force the trembling tribes to do the same?
Because He knew it was the course of things,
And *Nature's law,* that men should *choose* their Kings;

He knew the early dictate was *his own,*
That *reason* acted from *himself* alone.*
" 'Tis just," says the Almighty Power, " and sense,"
(For *actions are the words of Providence;*
The mouth of consequences speaks aloud,
And Nature's language is the voice of God :)
" 'Tis just," says he, " the people should be shown,
The man that *wears* it, can *deserve* the crown.
Merit will make my choice appear so just,
They'll own him fit for the intended trust;
Confirm by reason my exalted choice,
And make him King by all the people's voice.
Let Ammon's troops my people's tents invade,
And Israel's trembling sons, to fear betray'd,

---

* It is alledged, that the vulgar are not capable of judging concerning principles of government; I answer, they are then not capable of being guilty of transgression; for where there is a want of capacity of judgment, there can be no sin. This is a dangerous argument, my Lords, and exposes government to the violence of every one who can overturn it with impunity. You have no defence against any person in this case who is resolute, except superior strength; for the gallows will not frighten a man who is not conscious of guilt, if he has any degree of natural fortitude. Try to persuade the vulgar that there is any case in which they cannot sin, and you will soon perceive what operation it will have upon them. But when you tell them they are not judges of your manœuvres of state, they will soon tell you that they cannot transgress what they do not understand: and that you require of them more than the Deity requires of them, or even supposes; for he requires no duty without first allowing men to judge of his laws, and makes no laws beyond the reach of their understandings.

*Sermons to Asses, (Ministers of State,)* p. 57.

Fly from th' advancing legions in the fright,
Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite;
I'll spirit Saul, and arm his soul for war,
The boy they scorn, shall in the field appear;
I'll teach the inexperienced youth to fight,
And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
The general suffrage then he'll justly have
To rule the people he knows how to save;
Their willing voices all the tribes will bring,
And make my chosen hero be their King."
He speaks, and all the high events obey,
The mighty voice of Nature leads the way;
The troops of Ammon Israel's tents invade,
His mighty fighting sons, to fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing squadrons in the fright,
'Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite.
Saul rouzes; God had arm'd his soul for war;
The boy they scorn'd does in the field appear;
*His pers'nal merit* now bespeaks the throne,
He beats the enemy, and *wears* his crown.
The willing tribes their purchased suffrage bring,
*Their* universal voice proclaims him King.
As if Heaven's call had been before in vain,
*Saul from this proper minute, dates his reign.*
The text is plain, and proper to the thing,
*Not GOD*—but all THE PEOPLE made him *King!*

END OF BOOK I.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK II.

THE KING is ours
T' *administer*, to guard, t' adorn the State,
But not to warp or *change* it.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your *Loyalty* and ours.
Our love is *principle*, and has its root
In reason; is judicious, manly, free:
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.

*The Duty of Resistance to Tyrants—Law—Custom—Packed Juries—The Custom of Kings to tyrannize—The Custom of the People to dethrone them instanced in James II.—Rehoboam—Royalty a trust.*

WERE I permitted to inspect the rolls,
Th' eternal archives, hid beyond the poles;
The cause of causes could I but survey,
And see how consequences there obey:
This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
And this to know, the bounds of my desire—
Why Justice reels beneath the blows of might,
And Usurpation sets her foot on right;
Why fame bestows her ill-deserv'd applause,
When outrage triumphs over nature's laws;

Why heaven permits the worst of men to rule,
And binds the wise man to obey the fool;*

---

* It is difficult to avoid laughing at the *extreme ignorance of crowned heads* themselves, in despotic countries, when one contrasts it with the importance they assume, and the pomp and splendour with which they transfer their royal persons from place to place. The sight is truly ludicrous. Are these the men, *occupied, as they usually are, in the meanest trifles and the most degrading pleasures*, who tell us that the government over which they preside, is a perfect system, and that *the wisest philosopher knows not how to govern mankind;* that is, to consult their happiness and security, so well as themselves, neglected as they have been in youth, and corrupted in manhood by panders to their vices, and flatterers of their foibles, their pride, and their ambition? There is reason to believe that *many kings in despotic kingdoms, have been worse educated, and possess less abilities, than a common charity-boy, trained in a parish school to read and write.* *Spirit of Despotism.*

An Anecdote, containing the *thoughts* of a Despot is a treat. It appears from the Emperor of Austria heading the Holy Alliance against Naples with our money in his pockets, as well as from a letter dated Laybach, 28th January, 1821, that his Majesty has the *horrors.* The letter states, that when the Professors of the Lyceum at Laybach were presented to him, he made this *nervous* speech:—

"Gentlemen—The students of Carniola have always deserved praise, *(from which their progress in useful knowledge may be inferred).* Endeavour to preserve for them this good character, *(modern Bœotians).* Remain ever faithful to what is ancient, *(Tyranny);* for what is ancient is good, *(he means for himself);* and our ancestors *(his Ancestors)* ever found it so. Why should it not be the same to us? *(The throne-men).* People *(tyrant-haters)* are occupied elsewhere *(at Naples)* with new notions *(principles of liberty),* that I *(heigh Oh!)* cannot approve, *(cannot help);* and never shall approve, *(Royal till death).* From such notions *(political truth)* preserve yourselves, *(God pre-*

Why its own thunder does not strike the crown,
And from the stools of pow'r thrust Tyrants down;
Why it pursues the murd'rer's meaner crime,
But leaves exalted criminals to time?
Kings spurn at limitations, laws, and rules,
And rob mankind—because mankind are fools;
Wheedled to act against their common sense,
To jumble tyranny with providence;

---

*serve the Emperor);* attach yourselves to nothing but what is positive, *(Despotism).* I do not want learned men *(the students at Copenhagen on the king's birth-day, January* 2nd, 1821, *shouted* "Vivat Rex;" *the soldiers, not understanding Loyalty in Latin, and, supposing the students uttered* seditious cries, *dispersed them with their sabres and killed four:* ergo *Steel is stronger than Latin).* I want only loyal and good subjects, *(implicitly obedient slaves);* and it is your part to *(become drill serjeants, and)* form them *(into line).* He who serves *(implicitly obeys),* will instruct, *(that is—keep the students stupid)* according to my orders; and whoever feels himself incapable of that, *(non-instruction,)* and embraces novel ideas, *(knowledge,)* had better depart—or I shall myself remove him, *(by putting something into his head!).*

This is a fine and perfect specimen of *legitimate* mind; and here is another:—At the Museum of Bologna the Professors of the University shewed this same Emperor one of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamps, and informed him that the Englishman its inventor, had, by his numerous discoveries, produced a revolution in science. At the word *revolution* the countenance of the Emperor changed; he *rumped* the attendant, and said, the King of England would no doubt feel the consequences of his condescension to his unruly subjects; but, as to himself, he should take proper care not to suffer any of *his* subjects to make revolutions!—"*What is ancient is good.*" Stick to that, Despots! Your ancestors, 'an please your Majesties, groped without *safety lamps*—I pray that *you* may, till you be no more.

To hope from God what God expects from them,
For what they ought to do, look up to Him;
Leave unperform'd the duties which they know,
And *lift up* hands they should *employ* below!
Christians must no more miracles expect,
The men that *will* be slaves, He'll not protect;
God never will our base petitions hear,
Till *our endeavours* supersede our prayer;
Not always *then;* but nation's may be sure,
The *willing* bondage *ever* shall endure.
They that would have His power to be their friend,
Must, with what power they have, their right defend.*
The laws of God, God makes us understand,
The laws of Nature never countermand.
Nature prescribes, for 'tis prescrib'd to sense,
Her first of laws to man—is self-defence.
This then is *Law* to man, from God on high,
*Resisting* live—or *unresisting* die!
He always works by *means,* and *means* he'll bless,
With approbation, often with *success.*
Nor prayers nor tears will revolutions make,
Tyrants pull down, or irksome bondage break;
'Tis *our own business*; and He lets us know,
What *is* our business, he expects we'll *do.*
Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
Though their destruction's not design'd at all;
So hasty show'rs, when they from heav'n flow down,
Are sent to fructify, and not to drown;

---

* God punishes bad kings and oppressors, as he does the rest of mankind—through his instruments, The People. It is the only way by which he has ever made an example of tyrants as a terror to others.

And, in the torrent, if a drunkard sink,
'Tis not the flood that drowns him, but the drink;
Yet who would say, because a *sinner's* slain,
For fear of drowning, *we* must have *no rain.*

It's doubtful who live most unnatural lives,
The subject that his liberty survives,
Or kings that trample law and freedom down,
And make free justice truckle to the crown.

LAW is the master-spring of government—
The only *Right Divine* that heaven has sent,*

---

* The tyrant Henry VIII., by making himself the head of the Church, clearly begat the *Right Divine.* The King could give bishoprics, and the Bishops could give opinions. "Your Majesty is the breath of our nostrils," said Bishop Neil to James I., and speaking of himself and brethren as to worldly advantages, he certainly spoke the truth. Before the Kings of England were heads of the Church we heard little of *divine right*, and sometimes the Church itself was seen on the side of freedom; since that time, never. The doctrine in England, that the King can do no wrong, supposes the *positive* responsibility of his Ministers. But, that it is a dangerous licence of language, is witnessed in a Right Reverend exposition of this kingly privilege in regard to Adultery. The Bishop leaped from political to moral delinquency, with a casuistry worthy an admirer of the royal power of *translation.* The Abbe de Choisy, a Priest of the same school as the British Father in God, though not of the same church, dedicated an edition of Thomas à Kempis, on the 'Imitation of *Christ*' to Madame de Maintenon, a courtesan and mistress to Louis XIV., prefixing this motto: "Hear oh! daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; *so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty!*" Psa. xlv. 10, 11.

The *Court*'s a golden but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils

It forms the order of the world below,
And all our blessings from that order flow.
Law is the life-blood of the social state ;
Subordinate to law is magistrate ;
To set the magistrate above the law,
Would all to error and confusion draw,
He's not a king that's not prescribed by laws—
King's, the *effect*, but government's the *cause*.
Of all authority for Right Divine,
*Custom's* the worst, for every royal line.
The still-born Ignorance of antiquity,
Quirk'd into life to cozen freemen by,
Lawyers call *Custom ;* and, for custom, draw
On custom still, to still call custom, *Law !*
So 'rules' the *Bench*, and so the maxim takes,
The fault one age commits, no age forsakes !
Begot by fools, maintain'd by knaves and fools,
Improved by craft in error's public schools ;
With shifting face, with loose and stammering tongue,
The juggling fraud has plagued the world too long ;
Modern encroachments on our freedom makes,
And backs it with our fathers' old mistakes :
As if our rev'rence, to their virtues due,
Should recommend their crimes and follies too !
This vapour *Custom*, this mere wand'ring cloud
Puffs the crown'd wretch, and helps to make him proud.
Persuades him to believe it must be true,
Homage to Law, becomes the *Tyrant's* due !

---

In crystal forms, sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

*Anon. quoted by Dr. Watts.*

Thus Priestcraft preaches, and thus Lawyers draw
An after age, to call a custom—*Law*!
And yet this boasted, ever-quoted thing,
Fails in the point—fails to support the king:
For though by *custom*, kings have learn'd to ride
A few vile minions, to support their pride,
The people always have opposed the cheat,
It never was *their custom* to submit;
The *Practice* of the people made the name,
For practices and customs are the same;
And *custom* this one mighty truth will tell,
When kings grow tyrants, nations will rebel.
The people may, for *custom* gives assent,
Dethrone the *man*, to save the *Government!*
If any say the *practice* is not so,
Let them to *England* for examples go.
England the *Right Divine of kings* profess'd*
And all the marks of slavery caress'd;
Long courted chains, but 'twas in court disguise,
And holy fraud conceal'd the sacred lies—
The CHURCH the *mountebank*, the KING the *jest*,
The *wheedled monarch*, and the *wheedling priest!*
James proved the patient, crouching, loyal tribe,
But let his *fate* their *loyalty* describe!

---

* Sir Robert Filmer, the great champion of Divine Right having defended it in print, Algernon Sidney drew out a system of original power, and government according to the laws of God, nature, and reason. Before it was finished, the friends of Divine Right seized the manuscript, and finding Sidney's arguments unanswerable, they laid aside the work, and fell upon the man; —so they cut off his head, merely because they could not answer his book.

With life-and-fortune, churchmen back'd the crown,*
In crushing all men's freedom but their own.
Then, under colour or pretence of law,
Villains their victims to the shambles draw,
Where sat the scoundrel Chief in ermined pride,
And a pack'd jury in the box beside.
The farce commences—justice heaves a groan—
The case is clear—a verdict for the Crown!
When noble RUSSELL and brave SIDNEY fell,
JUDGES *themselves* rung out LAW's *funeral knell!*

---

* A Courtier's loyalty is charmingly pictured in the portrait of Bubb Doddington, drawn by himself in his celebrated *Diary*. He was by trade a Boroughmonger, and his stock consisted of six *Members* in the House of Commons, which he jobbed about and sold to the best bidder. At the close of his bargain and sale of the whole in a lump to the Duke of Newcastle for the king's service, there is a *finish* which renders the painting a fine and matchless *Cabinet* specimen.—Bubb, who had been in disgrace at court for selling them elsewhere, said to the duke, "I knew I had given no *just* cause of offence, but that *I could not justify it with* HIS MAJESTY; that it was ENOUGH that HE (*the king*) WAS DISPLEASED, to make *me* think that *I* WAS IN THE WRONG, and to beg Him to forget it: *I would not even be* IN THE RIGHT *against* HIM!" The duke was delighted with this loyal and dutiful submission. Bubb says, "*He took me up in his arms, and* KISSED ME TWICE!" and Bubb was rewarded for laying his six members of the honorable house at the foot of the throne with the price he stipulated for—namely, the treasurership of the navy, and a peerage! The story was beautifully and most impressively related by the excellent-hearted and inflexible JOHN HUNT, in his noble and *successful* defence, on the trial of an *ex officio* information for words in the Examiner charged not as false, but as libellous on the Honorable House.

Yet when *their own* destruction they foresaw,
The *passive* knaves cried *Liberty and Law!*
Took from their *best of Kings* his *Right Divine,*
And abrogated fealty to the line;
They made a *precedent,* dropp'd T from TREASON,
And found the *best of words* behind it—REASON!

The crown's a symbol, that the people meant,
To mark their choice, or form of government;*
The crown is theirs, and this has been their plan,
To make the *office* sacred, not the *man:*
Hence, if a tyrant on the throne appears,
The place is vacant, and the crown is theirs.

David, the patient tribes too much opprest,
Vex'd them with tribute, and deny'd them rest;
Harass'd the land with imposts and alarms,
Taxing and fighting—money! and to arms!

His son, however wise, disturbed their peace,
With taxes for his sumptuous palaces;

---

* All *Majesty* is derived from *Law* founded on right reason. A strength beyond that is mere force. The Magistrate formerly had no Majesty but while engaged in magisterial duties. His real dignity consisting in his legal authority.

When the ancient parliaments of France met according to the constitution annually, the king went to meet the members seated in a waggon drawn by oxen, which a waggoner drove with his goad to the parliament house; but he was in no *state* until he was seated there, robed and crowned, and sceptred. And, indeed, in that place only, where the great affairs of the Commonwealth are transacted, can it be said, that *Real Majesty* does truly and properly reside; and not where the king plays, or dances, or prattles with his women, when the vulgar are always styling him, *your Majesty.*

*Hotoman's Franco-gallia,* p. 73.

His love of women and his garish state,
His love of pomp and show, and looking great;
His building projects, and his vast designs,
Too vast for all the gold of Ophir's mines,
The people's hearts dismay'd, their feelings pain'd,
Their love unsettled, and their treasures drain'd.*
By two such vig'rous monarchs long opprest,
The next that came they loyally addrest;
Implored his gracious majesty would please
To tax them less, and let them live in peace.
The son of Solomon with anger hears
The people dare to offer him their pray'rs,
Spurns their Address, his rage no bounds restrain,
And thus he gives his answer with disdain:—
"I bear from *Heaven* the ensigns of my sway,
My business is to rule, and your's obey:
Therefore your scandalous *Address* withdraw,
'Tis my command, and my command's your law:
Sedition grows from seeds of discontent,
And *faction always snarls at government*:
But since my throne from God alone I hold,
To Him alone my councils I unfold;
My resolutions he has made your laws,
You are to know my actions, He the cause!

---

* Solomon could have but two occasions for money; one for his costly buildings, the other for his numerous women, for he never had any wars. To the expense of his buildings the kings of other countries contributed largely; so that it must have been his excesses in women, and other luxurious indulgences, that caused him to oppress the people with heavy burdens of taxes.

Wherefore I *stoop*, to let you understand,
I *double* all the taxes of the land.
And if your discontents and feuds remain,
PETITION—*and I'll double them again!*
The mild correction which my Father gave,
Has spoil'd the people he design'd to save;
You murmur'd then, but had you thus been used,
You'd ne'er his easy clemency abused!"
The injured people, treated with disdain,
Found their *Petitions* and *Addresses* vain!
Long had they made submissions to the crown,
And long the love of Liberty had known;
The kings they ask'd of God had let them see,
What God himself foretold of tyranny.
The father had exhausted all their stores,
With costly houses, and more costly whores;
But doubly robb'd by his encroaching son,
They rather chose to die, than be undone;
And, thus resolving, by a single stroke,
Ten tribes revolted, and their bondage broke!
The tyrant, in his sceptred bloated pride,
Believing God and blood upon his side;
To the high altar in a rage repairs,
And rather tells his tale, than makes his prayers:*
"Behold!" says he, "the slaves, o'er whom I reign,
Have made the pow'r I had from Thee in vain;
From thy diviner rule they separate,
And make large schisms both in Church and State;
My just intentions are, with all my force,
To check rebellion in its earliest course;

* The author has taken a poetical licence here. For scripture does not say that Rehoboam prayed to the Lord.

Revenge th' affronts of my insulted throne,
And save thy injured honour, and my own;
And as thy counsels did my fathers bless,
*He* claims thy help, who does their crown possess!"
Listen ye kings, ye people all rejoice,
And hear the answer of th' Almighty voice:
Tremble, ye tyrants, read the high commands,
In sacred writ the sacred sentence stands!
"*Stir not a foot!* thy new-rais'd troops disband!"
Says THE ETERNAL;—"it is my command!
I raised thy fathers to the Hebrew throne,
I set it up, but you *yourselves* pull down!
For when to them I Israel's sceptre gave,
'Twas not my chosen people to enslave.
My first command no such commission brings,
*I made no tyrants*, though *I made you kings;*
But you my people vilely have opprest,
And misapplied the powers which you possest.
'Tis Nature's laws the people now direct,
When Nature speaks, I never contradict.
Draw not the sword, thy brethren to destroy,
The liberty they have, they may enjoy;
I ever purposed, and I yet intend,
That what they may enjoy, they may defend;
They have deserted from a misused throne,
"*The thing's from* ME"—the crime is all thy own!"*

* When the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam, and chose Jeroboam king, there is no doubt they limited him by law; for many years afterwards king Ahab, one of his successors, admiring a herb-garden near to his own palace, applied to the owner, Naboth, and offered him either a vineyard for it, or the worth of it in money; but Naboth would neither exchange nor sell it, and

If kings no more be flatter'd and deceived,
Nor shun too late, the knaves they have believed;
If as 'trustees for *uses*' they agree
To act by limited authority;
Subordination will its order keep,
Ambition die, and all rebellion sleep.
The weeping nations shall begin to laugh,
The subjects easy, and the rulers safe.
Plenty and peace embrace just government,
The king be pleased, the people be content.
If any king is hoodwink'd to believe,
People will blind obedience to him give;
Let him pause long, before he dares to try,
They all by *practice* give their words the lie!*

---

Ahab returned home so vexed, that he went to bed and would not eat any thing. Naboth having thus displeased the king, the courtiers got up a charge of *Blasphemy* and *Sedition* against him by means of false witnesses hired on purpose; he was found guilty and executed, and Ahab got possession of the garden, probably as a forfeiture to the crown. It is clear, therefore, that Ahab's power was restrained by law, for it was not until Nabot was murdered *under the forms of law*, that the king could get the poor man's property. Another thing is very remarkable: as soon as the murder was completed, and the king had got the garden, there was an *honest* Father in God, who, instead of saying 'the king could do no wrong,' went to his majesty, charged him with the crime, and denounced his downfall, which happened accordingly, through his listening to flattering ecclesiastics, and his fondness for military affairs. If the Bishop of London should desire to preach on this story, he is informed that he may find it in the Bible, 1 Kings, xxi.

* FLATTERY is a fine picklock of tender ears; especially of those *whom fortun hath borne high upon their wings*, that submit

Art may by mighty dams keep out the tide,
Check the strong current, and its streams divide;
Pen up the rising waters, and deny
The easy waves to glide in silence by:
But if the river is restrain'd too long,
It swells in silence to resent the wrong;
With fearful force breaks opposition down,
And claims its native freedom for its own.
So Tyranny may govern for a time,
Till Nature drowns the tyrants with their crime!

---

their dignity and authority to it, *by a soothing of themselves.* For, indeed, men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if they began not *there;* if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise but poison. But *now* it is come to that extreme of folly, or rather madness, with some, that *he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them.*

*Ben Jonson.*

The ears of kings are so tingled with a continual uniform approbation, that they have scarce any knowledge of true praise. Have they to do with the greatest fool of all their subjects—they have no way to take advantage of him: by the flatterer saying, "It is because he is my *king*," he thinks he has said enough to imply that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and confuses the other true and essential qualities which are sunk deep in the kingship.

*Montaigne.*

End of Book II.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK III.

——————— Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of HEROES, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and *who spoil,*
*Because men suffer it, their* TOY—*The World.*

*Tyrants deposed to preserve the Throne—In Europe—In England before the Conquest—By each other since.—No right line any where—Difference between Tyrants and Kings—Government instituted by the People for their own good—Tyrants treat men as cattle to be slaughtered—God decrees their fall—Ordains Revolutions by the People.*

SEARCH we the long records of ages past,
Look back as far as antient rolls will last;
Beyond what oldest history relates,
While kings had people, people magistrates;
Nations, e'er since there has been king or crown,
Have pull'd down tyrants to preserve the throne.
The laws of nature then, as still they do,
Taught them, their rights and safety to pursue;
That if a king, who should protect, destroys,
He forfeits all the sanction he enjoys.

There's not a nation ever own'd a crown,
But if their kings opprest them, pull'd them down;
Concurring Providence has been content,
And always blest the action in th' event.

He that, invested with the robes of power,
Thinks 'tis his right the people to devour,
Will always find some stubborn men remain,
That have so little wit, they won't be slain;
Who always turn again when they're opprest,
And basely spoil the gay tyrannic jest;
Tell kings—of *Nature, Laws of God, and Right,*
Take up their arms, and with their tyrants fight.

When passive thousands fall beneath the sword,
And freely die at the imperial word,
A stern, unyielding, self-defending few,
While they resist, will ravel all the clew;
Will all the engines of oppression awe,
And trample pow'r beneath the feet of law.
'Tis always natural for men opprest,
Whene'er occasion offers to resist;
They're traitors else to truth and common sense,
And rebels to the laws of Providence;
'Tis not enough to say, they *may*—they *must;*
The strong necessity declares it just;*
'Tis Heav'n's supreme command to man, and they
Are always blest who that command obey.

---

* If it be asked, Who shall be judge? it is plain that God has made Nature judge. If a king make a law, destructive of human society and the general good, may it not be resisted and opposed? "No!" exclaim a junta of holy men, "*it is from* GOD!" What is *Blasphemy?*

So France deposed the Merovingian line,
And banish'd Childrick * lost the right divine;
So Holy League their sacred Henry † slew,
And call'd a counsel to erect a new;
For right divine must still to justice bow,
And people first the right to rule bestow:
So Spain to arbitrary kings inured,
Yet arbitrary Favila‡ abjured;
Denmark four kings deposed, and Poland seven,
Swedeland but one-and-twenty, Spain eleven:
Russia, Demetrius banish'd from the throne,§
And Portugal pull'd young Alphonsus down;

---

* Childeric I. the son of Merovius, for his lasciviousness, was banished by the great men, and one Egidius, a Gaul, set up in his stead. Childeric II. was banished and deposed by his subjects, and king Pepin reigned in his stead; and so ended the Merovingian family.

† The League deposed Henry III. and declared him a tyrant, a murderer, and incapable to reign, and held frequent counsels with the pope's legate and the Spaniards about settling the crown, and several proposals were made of settling it, sometimes on the infanta of Spain, at other times on the cardinal of Bourbon, the duke de Main, and others.

‡ Favila, a cruel tyrant, was deposed by the Castilians, who chose judges to administer the government, till they appointed another.

§ Besides the banishment of Demetrius, the History of Russia furnishes a sickening catalogue of the butchery of her despots by each other. During the debate in the House of Lords on the 19th of February, 1821, Lord Holland, observing on the Crusade of the Holy Alliance of Despots against Naples, said, "That objections to the freedom of political constitutions came but ungracefully from the reigning Emperor of *Russia*, who ascended a throne reeking with the blood of his own father; and as this member

Each nation that deserves the name of state,
Has set up laws above the magistrate;
Hence, when a self-advancing wretch acquires
A lawless rule, his government expires.
Explore the past, the steps of monarchs tread,
And view the sacred titles of the dead;
Look to the early kings of Britain's isle,
For *Jus Divinum* in our *native* style.
Conquest, or compacts, form the rights of kings,
And both are human, both unsettled things;
Both subject to contingencies of fate,
And so the godship of them proves a cheat.
The crowns and thrones the greatest monarchs have,
Were either stolen, or the people gave.
What claim had colonel Cnute,* or captain Suene?
What right the roving Saxon, pirate Dane?
Hengist, or Horsa, Woden's blood defied,
And on their sword, not right divine, relied.
The Norman Bastard, how divine *his* call!
And where's his heav'nly high original?
These naked nations, long a helpless prey,
To foreign and domestic tyranny;—

---

of that holy league, owed his crown to the murder of his father, it brought to his recollection, that since the time of the Czar Peter I. no sovereign had ascended the throne of Russia without its being stained with the blood of his immediate predecessor, or some other member of his own family."

* The leaders of the invading Saxons and Danes were mere thieves and robbers, pretending to no right but that of the sword. Hengist and Horsa were Saxon leaders, who after conquering Kent, made themselves kings. Woden is famed to be the first great leader of the *Goths* into Europe, and all their kings affected to be thought of his predatory blood.

Their infant strength unfit to guard their name—
Was left exposed to ev'ry robber's claim,
An open prey to pirates, and the isle,
To wild invaders, grew an early spoil.
The Romans ravaged long our wealthy coast,
And long our plains fed Cæsar's num'rous host.
What birthright raised that rav'nous leader's name?
His sword, and not his fam'ly, form'd his claim.
Where'er the Roman eagles spread their wings,
They conquer'd nations, and they pull'd down kings;
Cæsar in triumph o'er the whole presided,
And right of conquest half the world divided.
For Liberty our sires in arms appear'd,
And in its sacred name with courage warr'd;
Made the invaders buy their conquest dear,
And legions of their bones lie buried here.*
When these their work of slaughter had fulfill'd,
And seas of British blood bedew'd the field;
Shoals of Barbarian Goths, worse thieves than they,
From Caledonian Friths, and frozen Tay,
O'erspread the fruitful, now abandon'd plains,
And led the captured victims in their chains:
The weaken'd natives, helpless and distrest,
Doom'd to be plunder'd, ravish'd, and oppress'd,
Employ new thieves from the rude Northern coast,
To rob them of the little not yet lost.

---

* The hillocks or barrows still remaining in most parts of England were the graves of the soldiers. There are four very large ones near Stevenage in Hertfordshire, close to the road. The plains in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are full of these monuments of the valorous achievements of the Britons in defence of their liberty.

The work once done, the workmen, to be paid,
Only demand themselves, and all they had!
In dreadful strife their freedom to maintain,
They fought with fury, but they fought in vain;
Yet, like Antæus, every time they fell,
Their veins with rage and indignation swell;
Not for continued losses they despair,
But for still fiercer battle they prepare;
Again their blood the Saxon chariots stains,
And heaps of heroes strew th' ensanguin'd plains;
Thus, though they leave the world, they keep the field,
And thus their lives, but not their freedom yield.

Three hundred years of bloody contest past,
Plunder'd at first, and dispossest at last,
The few remains, with freedom still inspir'd,
To Western mountains, to resist retired;
Their dear abandon'd country thence they view,
And thence their thirst of Liberty renew;
Offers of peaceful bondage they defy,
What's peace to man without his liberty?*

---

* The Britons fought one hundred and sixty-three pitched battles. They might well be said to be conquered, for in these prodigious struggles for their liberty they were nearly all slain. They fought as long as there were any men to be raised; but the Saxons swarming continually over from vastly populous countries, the few Britons that remained, took sanctuary in the western mountains of Wales, and from the crags and cliffs, poor and distrest as they were, they made constant inroads and excursions upon the Saxons; the Saxon Annals are filled with accouuts of the renewed warfare. Even the English histories frequently mention the incursions of the Welsh, till, at last, united to England, they seem to be incorporated with the natives of their ancient soil.

The conquer'd nation—fell a dear bought prey,
And Britain's island, *Saxon* Lords obey:
The shouting troops their victories proclaim,
And load their chiefs with royalty and fame:
The garland of their triumphs was their crown,
Mob set them up, and rabble pull'd them down!
Fighting was all the merit they could bring,
The bloodiest wretch appear'd the bravest King!
Nor did his kingship any longer last,
Than till by some more powerful rogue displaced.
In spoil and blood was fix'd the right divine,
And thus commenced the royal Saxon line:—
That sword that vanquish'd innocence in fight,
The sword that crush'd the banish'd Britons' right,
At pleasure subdivides the British crown,
And forms eight soldier kingdoms out of one.
From these we strive to date our royal line,
And these must help us to a right divine;
From actions buried in eternal night,
Priestcraft is brought, to fix the fancied right;
Priestcraft that, always on the strongest side,
Contrives, tho' kings should walk, that priests shall ride.
One master thief his fellows dispossest,
And gave, once more, the weeping nation rest;
For Egbert,* English monarchy began,
By his Almighty-sword—the *Sacred* man!
Yet who was Egbert? Search his ancient breed;
What sacred ancestors did he succeed?

---

* Egbert came over originally from France, and was not the successor of any prince of the West Saxon kingdom, nor of any kingdom.

What mighty princes form'd *his* royal line,
And handed down to *him* the right divine?
A high-Dutch trooper, sent abroad to fight,
Whose trade was blood, and in his arm his right:
A supernumerary Holsteineer,*
For want of room at home, sent out to war;
A mere Swiss † mercenary, who for bread,
Was born on purpose to be knock'd in head;
A Saxon soldier was his high descent,
Murder his business, plunder his intent;
The poor unvalued, despicable thing,
A thief by nation, and by fate a king!
To-day the monarch glories in his crown,
A soldier thief to-morrow knocks him down,
And calls the fancied right divine *his own!*
In the next age *that* 'rightful' Lord's forgot,
And rampant treason triumphs on the spot:
Success gives title, makes possession just,
For if the fates obey, the subjects must.
*We* should be last of all that should pretend,
The long descent of princes to defend;
Since, if hereditary right's the claim,
The English line has forty times been lame;
Of all the nations in the world, there's none
Have less of true succession in their crown.
Britannia now, with men of blood opprest,
And all her race of tyrants lately ceased;

---

* The Saxons that came over were from Jutland, Holstein, &c. The poor conntries the Saxons lived in, being unable to support the vast numbers of the people they produced, they sought subsistence and habitations in fruitful and plentiful lands.

† A *Swiss*, alludes to their being mercenaries.

Ill fate prevailing, seeks at foreign shores,
And for worse monsters, ignorantly implores.
The right divine was so despised a thing,
The crown went out a begging for a king
Of foreign breed, of unrelated race,
Whore in his scutcheon, tyrant in his face;
Of spurious birth, and intermingled blood,
Who nor our laws nor language understood.
William the early summons soon obeys,
Ambition fills his sails, his fleets the seas;
By cruel hopes, and fatal valour sped,
The foreign legions Britain's shores o'erspread:
The sword decides the claim, the land's the prey,
Fated the conquering tyrant to obey.
Harold by usurpation gain'd the crown,*
And ditto usurpation pull'd him down.
Nothing but patience then could Britain claim,
Oppress'd by suff'ring, suff'ring made her tame:
She saw the tyrant William quit the throne,
And hoped for better usage from his son;
But change of tyrants gave her small relief,
She lost the lion, and receiv'd the thief.
Rufus, his father's ill got treasure seized,
The greedy sons of mother-church appeased;
Bought up rebellion with the cash he stole,
Secured the Clergy, and seduced the whole.
So brib'ry first with robbery combined
To ride before, and treason rode behind.

---

* Harold seized upon the crown by force. He had no claim to it, by blood or inheritance, being the son of Earl Goodwin.

Ambition, and the lust of rule prevail'd,
And Robert's right, on Rufus' head entail'd.*
Beau-Clerk next grasp'd his elder brother's crown,
And, by his sword, maintain'd it was his own:
The second† Henry fights, and fighting treats,
To own the prince's title he defeats;
Consents to mean conclusions of the war,
And stoops to be a base usurper's heir;
Accepts the ignominious grant, and shows
His right's as bad as Stephen's that bestows:
The royal tricksters thus divide the prey,
And helpless crowds the jugglers' swords obey.‡
Then John,§ another branch of Henry's line,
Jumps on the throne, in spite of Right Divine.
Turn we to mighty Edward's deathless name;
Or to his son's, whose conquests were the same;
That mighty hero of right royal race,
His father still alive, usurp'd his place.‖

---

* They were both usurpers, for the true right of descent was in Edgar Atheling, of the race of Edmund Ironside.

† Henry II. was obliged to compromise the dispute with his competitor Stephen; a prudent agreement, but in defiance of *hereditary right.*

‡ As at the death of Henry I. the main line of Normandy ended, so the succession has ever since proved so brittle, that it never held to the third heir in a right descent without being put by, or receiving some alteration by usurpation, or extinction of the male blood.—*Churchill's Divi Britannici*, p. 207.

§ King John was the youngest son of Henry II., who had his eldest line deposed. Henry was the son of a usurper, a usurper himself, and the murderer of his own brother's son.

‖ Edward III. reigned, his father, Edward II. being a prisoner, and was afterwards murdered.

As Edward on his parent's murder stood,
So Richard's tyrant reign was closed in blood:
Deposed and murder'd, Edward's father lies;
Deposed and murder'd—thus the grandson* dies.
Lancastrian Henry from his feeble head,
The bauble wrench'd, and wore it in his stead;
Three of his name by due succession reign,
And York demands the right of line in vain.
Thro' seas of slaughter, for this carnaged crown
Edward, not went, but waded to the throne;†
Three times deposed, three times restored by force,
Priest-ridden Henry's title ‡ yields of course.

Short lived the right the conquering king enjoy'd,
Treason and crime his new-crown'd race destroy'd;
As if the crimson hand of Power pursued
The very crown, and *fated* it to blood,
Richard by lust of government allured,
By double murders, next that crown procured;
For silent records trumpet-tongued proclaim
The jails and graves of princes are the same.
At Bosworth field, the crookback was dethroned;
Slain in the fight, and then the victor own'd! §

---

* Richard II. † Edward IV. ‡ Henry VI.

§ Richard III. was succeeded by Henry VII. who had clearly no claim to the crown from blood. After him it still devolved with irregularity, although under the Tudors, the doctrine of hereditary right was as vaguely maintained as before. Thus, a *Parliament* granted to Henry VIII. the power of regulating the succession *by will*, and it was by pretending to exercise a similar power under an alleged will of Edward VI. that the unprincipled Northumberland sought the establishment of Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth, on the same ground, was importuned to appoint a successor, at intervals, during the last twenty years of her reign;

So men of blood, incited by its taste,
By lust of rule urged on, laid England waste;
Oppression then upon oppression grew,
One royal wretch another overthrew;
They made a football of the People's crown,
And brother-tyrant brother-king pull'd down;
Succeeding robberies revenged the past,
And every age of crime outdid the last.

Look on once more—the tangled *line* survey,
By which kings claim to *bind* men to obey.
In the *right* line they say their title lies:
But if its twisted?—then the title dies.
Look at it!—knotted, spliced in every place!
Closely survey the intersected race—
So full of violations, such a brood
Of false successions, spurious births, and blood;
Such perjuries, such frauds, to mount a throne,
That Kings might blush their ancestors to own!

---

and finally, named the King of Scotland in her last moments. These are strange incidents for the advocates of *Divine* Right! The fact is, this wretched theory was never formally advocated until the days of James I.; and it may be considered to be one of the precious fruits of that settled connexion between Church and State, of which the Despot, Henry VIII., laid the foundation. Yet no Despot ever supported himself steadily on an English throne; and what is there to prove, that such men ever can? Look at King Richard II., he was a finished gentleman, possessed some taste for literature, and shewed himself as fond of finery as need be; but he waged war with the common sense of the realm and the rights of the people,—and finally, by entrusting his power to weak, inefficient, and corrupt ministers, roused the anger of a distressed and overtaxed community. MORAL—*They* were beheaded, and *he* was dethroned.

Oh! but *Possession* SUPERSEDES *the Line!*
Indeed!—then king, *as* king, has Right Divine;
And, coy *Succession* fled from majesty,
Makes *Usurpation* as divine as he;
*De Facto* is *de Jure*, and a throne,
To every dog that steals it is his bone!
Hence tyrants—and from these infected springs,
Flows the best title of *the Best of Kings!**

---

* THE BEST OF KINGS (Court slang) *the King for the time being.*—Many a king has been the *worst* man of his age, but no king was ever the *best.* In 1683, the very year of Charles the Second's reign, in which Lord William Russel and Algernon Sydney were murdered *under the forms of law*, by packed juries, and the king's passive obedient judges—when the throne floated in blood, aud the king's manners were notoriously and disgustingly sensual and dissolute—in that year, J. Shurley, M. A. in his 'Ecclesiastical History Epitomised,' gives Charles the title of "*the best of kings!*" calls his life and reign *virtuous!* and prays that his days may be as *the days of Heaven!*—This loyal author calls himself, *The Christian reader's* "BELOVED *Brother in* CHRIST!"

Of the same king, Charles II., Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) gives this character in his Epistle from Florence:—(*Dodsley's Collection*, vol. iii. p. 92.)

Fortune, or fair, or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul!
Honour or morals, gratitude or truth,
Nor taught his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth!
The care of nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to ministers denied,
He lived an atheist, and a bigot died!

All kings have parasites and praise; the Press records their actions; and Posterity gives their characters.

*Right of Succession*, or what other claim
Of right to rule, by whatsoever name
Or title call'd, by whomsoever urged,
Is in the people's *right of choosing* merged.
The *right's* the People's, and the People's choice
Binds kings in *duty* to obey *their* voice;
The *Public Will, the* ONLY *Right Divine*,
Sanctions the office, or divides the line;
Topples the crown from off the *tyrant*'s head,
And puts a king to govern in his stead.

Tyrant and king are vastly different things—
We're *robb'd* by tyrants, but *obey'd* by kings!
If it be ask'd, how the distinction's known,
*Oppression marks him out*—the nations groan,
The broken laws, the cries of injur'd blood,
Are languages by all men understood!*

---

* Tyrants lose all respect for humanity, in proportion as they are sunk beneath it; taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so; lose their participation with their kind; and, in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute! Blind with prejudices as a mole, sting with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a heap of morbid proud flesh and bloated humours, a disease and gangrene in the state, instead of its life-blood and vital principle—foreign despots claim mankind as their property. They regard men crawling on the face of the earth as we do insects that cross our path, and survey the common drama of human life as a fantoccini exhibition got up for their amusement. It is the overweening, aggravated, intolerable sense of swelling pride and ungovernable self-will that so often drives them mad; as it is their blind fatuity and insensibility to all beyond themselves, that, transmitted through successive generations, and confirmed by regal intermarriages, in time makes them idiots.

*Hazlitt's Political Essays*, p. 341.

Just laws and liberty make patriot kings;
Tyrants and tyranny are self-made things.*

---

* Though a Despot be transformed into a limited king, he is in heart and purpose still a despot. He feels *duress*; he is not at liberty to oppress at his pleasure; and he awaits an opportunity to exercise 'the Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong;' for he holds the doctrine that "oaths are not to be kept with *subjects*." In the reign of Richard II. the Duke of Norfolk apprised the Duke of Hereford, that the King purposed their destruction:—

*Hereford.*—God forbid!—He has sworn by St. Edward, to be a good Lord to me and the others.

*Norfolk.*—So has he often sworn to me by God's Body: but I *do not trust him the more for* THAT!

Every restored despot has become an unblushing and shameless perjurer; where is there in history an instance to the contrary?—*Once* a Despot, and always a Despot.

Alfred the Great is the only King in our annals who being guilty of misgovernment, and seeing its evils had the high courage to acknowledge his crime by amendment. At the commencement of his reign he seemed to consider his exalted dignity as an emancipation from restraint, and to have found leisure, even amidst his struggles with the Danes, to indulge the impetuosity of his passions. His immorality and despotism provoked the censure of the virtuous; he was haughty to his subjects, neglected the administration of justice, and treated with contempt the complaints of the indigent and oppressed. In the eighth year of his reign he was driven from the throne by the Danes. Narrowly escaping death and enduring many hardships, adversity brought reflection. According to the piety of the age, instead of tracing events to their political sources, he referred them immediately to the providence of God; and considered his misfortunes as the instrument with which Divine Justice punished his past enormities. By his prudence and valour he regained the throne, and drew up a code of laws by which he ordained the government should be administered. Magistrates trembled at his stern impartiality and inflexibility. He executed forty-four judges in

As government was ever understood
To be a measure for the people's good;
So when perverted to a wrong intent,
It's stark oppression, not a government.

---

one year for their informal and iniquitous proceedings. Hence their survivors and successors were careful to acquire a competent degree of knowledge, and their decisions became accordant to the law. Discovering that the only real foundation of national happiness is in the enlightenment of the people, he instructed them himself by his writings, endowed establishments for the promotion of Education, and became the guardian and benefactor of his country.*—His virtues were the fruit of *early instruction.* When he was a child, his mother, Osburga, awakened in him a passion for learning and knowledge. Holding in her hand a Saxon poem, elegantly written and beautifully illuminated, she offered it as a reward to the first of her children whose proficiency should enable him to read it to her. The emulation of Alfred was excited: he ran to his master, applied to the task with diligence, performed it to the satisfaction of the queen, and received the prize of his industry. His mind thus opened by this excellent woman, she dropped in the seeds of knowledge; by careful culture they grew into wisdom, *and Alfred is one of the most illustrious instances of the endless blessings conferred upon man by* EDUCATION.

From the *banks* of the strong hold of *Corfe Castle,* in Dorsetshire, near Wareham, formerly a station of the Danish barbarians, one of their successors making good his lodgment in a nameless *House* denies the justice of UNIVERSAL EDUCATION, forgetful, perhaps, that the benighted savages, his predecessors, were finally expelled by Alfred; that *it was the triumph of Knowledge and Liberty over Ignorance and Selfish power; and that* ALFRED, *disdaining to use the advantage which Education gave him over the rest of the people, otherwise than for their welfare, incessantly laboured to dispense its benefits to* ALL.

* *Lingard's History of England,* vol. i. c. 4.

Blest are the days, and wing'd with joy they fly,
When kings protect the people's liberty;
When settled peace in stated order reigns,
And, nor the nation, nor the king complains;
If kings may ravish, plunder, and destroy,
Oppress the world, and all its wealth enjoy;
May harass nations, with their breath may kill,
And limit liberty by royal will;
Then was the world for ignorance design'd,
And God gave kings to blast the human mind;
And Kings but general farmers of the land;
And men their *stock* for slaughter at command;
Mere beasts of draught, to crouch and be opprest,
Whom God, the mighty landlord, form'd *in jest*.
Yet who believes that Heaven in vain creates,
And gives up what it loves to what it hates;
That man's great Maker call'd him into birth,
To be destroy'd by tyrant-fiends on earth;
That nations are but footstools to a throne,
And millions born to be the slaves of one?
Priestcraft! search Scripture, shew me God's decree,
That crime shall rule by his authority.
Kingcraft! search Scripture too, and from it prove
Thy right to ravage from the God of Love.*

---

* Priestcraft and Kingcraft are partners in the same firm. *They trade together.* KINGS and conquerors make laws, parcel out lands, and *erect churches and palaces for the priests* and dignitaries of religion. *In return,* PRIESTS *anoint kings with holy oil,* hedge them round with inviolability, spread over them the mysterious sanctity of religion, and, with very little ceremony, *make over the whole species as slaves* to these Gods upon earth by virtue of DIVINE RIGHT!

*Hazlitt's Political Essays,* p. 303.

No! He has issued no such foul command,
But dooms down Despots by the People's hand;
Marks tyrants out for fall in every age,
Directs the justice of the people's rage;
And hurling vengeance on all royal crimes,
Ordains the Revolutions of the times!

A thing of no bowels————
——— from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty.—His Realm a slaughter-house——
The swords of soldiers are his teeth——
Iron for Naples, hid with English *gilt*.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE END.

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